

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 20.—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1806

NO. 904.

## GRAFT AND CRUELTY PREVAILING OVER JUSTICE.

A TALE.—Concluded.

Assessments in so intimate a connexion were attended with the most painful consequences. Mr. Franklin prudently resolved to submit; though, upon my departure, he gave me the consolation of knowing my conduct had secured me a firm and attached friend. I had been upwards of five years with him when this rupture happened; and had never heard from England during that time; he advised me, therefore, to quit America, for the purpose of discovering whether there was a chance of my ever recovering that property from which I was so unjustly withheld. To America, however, I was attracted by a magnet which it was impossible for reason or philosophy to repel; and though, by exposing myself in its view, I was laying a foundation for future misery, yet my senses were too far enslaved for me to be able to resist the charm.

Nature had given me a contemplative disposition, which had acquired strength in Adversity's hard school; and I made a practice of enjoying an early walk every morning before the business of the day commenced. I had adopted this practice for about five weeks, when I was accosted by a servant in an elegant livery, who, at the same time, presented me with a note, saying, that if I had any message to send to reply to it, he should be with me again in a quarter of an hour. The superscription was written in a hand so beautiful, that I gazed upon it some moments before I broke the seal; but it would be impossible for me to paint the various emotions which were produced by the following lines.

"Though fearful I am breaking through that barrier of delicacy, which every female ought strictly to observe, yet I cannot bear the idea of so near a relation feeling the pangs of want; for, in spite of my grandfather's opinion to the contrary, I am convinced that you are my uncle Henry's son.

"Let not false notion of delicacy, then my dear cousin, prevent you from accepting the inclosed bill; its what I have saved out of the allowance I receive for clothes and pocket-money, and I have a right to dispose of it as I please. If you are anxious to receive a personal assurance of my esteem, and wish to serve you, the servant who delivers you this letter, will conduct you to a spot where we can meet unobserved; but if you think I have been guilty of an impropriety, let me entreat you not to come.

Adieu,

"My dear cousin,

"Yours sincerely,

"Elen M—."

With transports of joy inexpressible, I pressed this estimable mark of delicacy and generosity to my heart, and impatiently waited the return of the servant, who, according to my lovely cousin's orders, conducted me to the spot. At our first interview, I had thought her the most beautiful piece of workmanship had formed; but I now beheld her in a light still more exalted; yet my

tongue was unable to express the emotions of my heart; but tears supplied the place of expression, and perhaps were even more eloquent than words.

I accepted the precious boon, because I would not pain her by a refusal of a favour so humbly, so delicately bestowed; though Mr. Franklin had kindly prevented me from feeling the pangs of want. We conversed for more than one hour, which to me appeared scarcely a moment, upon the various misfortunes I had been doomed to sustain, when the sound of other repeating watch warned us that it was time for both to depart. As I gazed upon this lovely girl, my heart palpitated with an emotion entirely new; and though I knew it was an act of presumption, I implored her to let me see her again.

"I fear (said she) you ask what is improper; yet I scarcely know how to refuse; for you remind me so strongly of a beloved brother whom I lost about eighteen months ago, that while I have been conversing with you, I almost fancied I heard his harmonious voice." Not to tire the patience of my readers, we met again the following week; and so interesting to me became these interviews, that they actually seemed necessary to the support of life. The lovely inspirer of felicity seemed to derive equal pleasure from them; and this attachment increased with our growth, until each became sensible of the impropriety we had been guilty of; for, pure as was our passion, yet it existed without hope. Repeatedly did we resolve to tear ourselves asunder; yet as regularly found ourselves unable to keep apart; and when Mr. Franklin proposed the scheme of my quitting the country, I felt it a sacrifice due to the peace of that lovely girl.

To have proposed marriage, would have been the height of selfish imprudence. How could I bear the idea of reducing to a state of dependence, a girl born to shine in the most elevated sphere? And though I was able to support my own existence, yet my salary would not allow me to think of maintaining a wife. Hard was the struggle; yet honour pointed out its necessity. Hope whispered that doctor C— might yet be alive; and that in him I might find a friend and protector, who would stretch every nerve to restore me to my rights. The moment of separation arrived. "Alas! it is never to be forgotten. With torture indescribable I gave Ellen a first, and last embrace; and vowed that if ever I befriended my exertions, I would fly to America, and lay my treasures at her feet.

Nothing material occurred during my voyage; but at its termination, I received a death-stroke both to my hopes and my peace; for I heard that my only friend in England had expired of a malignant fever, a few months after he quitted his native shores. I resolved notwithstanding, to consult an eminent barrister, to whom I related the principal events of my life; but as I had no papers to show, no friend to support me, I gave me no hopes of success. Still he offered to write to Darnley, threatening him with a public exposure, if he did not restore the property he had so long withheld; but he was too deeply versed in law subtleties, to be alarmed at what he knew only to be a threat; and setting

me and my friend at defiance, he desired him to proceed without loss of time. Thus, then, was I reduced to the necessity of again looking out for a dependent station; and as I was perfectly master of mercantile concerns, I had little difficulty in meeting with employment, and in that humble station I have now been upwards of three years. With my amiable cousin I have kept up a regular correspondence. She is married to a man both of fortune and rank; and the only consolation I have, is in reflecting, that I did not attempt to act dishonourably by that amiable girl; and in hearing that she had completely conquered an affection, which at one period seemed likely to embitter the happiness of her whole life.

## THE INTERESTED APPARITION.

The Castle of Ardivilles, near Bretueil, was reported to be haunted by evil spirits. Dreadful noises were heard, and flames were seen by night, to issue from various apartments. The farmer, who was entrusted with the care of the house in the absence of its owner, the President D'Ardivilles, could alone live there; the spirit seemed to respect him; but any person who ventured to take up a night's lodging in the Castle, was sure to bear the marks of his audacity.

Superstition is catching. By and by the peasants in the neighbourhood began to see strange sights: sometimes a dozen ghosts would appear in the air, above the Castle, dancing a brawl. At other times, a number of presidents and councillors, in red robes, appeared in the adjacent meadow: there they sat in judgment on a gentleman in the country, who had been beheaded, for some crime, a hundred years before. Another peasant met, in the night, a gentleman related to the president, walking with the wife of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who were seen caressing each other, and then vanished. As they were both alive, perhaps they were both obliged to the devil for preventing scandal. In short, many had seen, and all had heard of, the wonders of the Castle of Ardivilles.

This affair had continued four or five years, to the great loss of the president, who had been obliged to let the estate to the farmer at a very low rent. At length suspecting some artifice, he resolved to visit and inspect the Castle.

Taking with him two gentlemen, his friends, they determined to pass the night in the same apartment; and if any noise or apparition disturbed them, to discharge their pistols at either ghost or sound. As spirits knew all things, they were probably aware of these preparations, and not one appeared. But in the chamber just above a dreadful rattling of chains was heard, and the wife and children of the farmer ran to the assistance of their lord. They threw themselves on their knees, beseeching that he would not visit that terrible room. "My lord," said they, "what can human force effect against people of another world?" M. de Beaucour attempted the same enterprise years ago, and he returned with a dislocated arm. M. de Urselles tried too; he was overwhelmed with bundles of hay, and was

ill for a long time after." In short, so many attempts were mentioned, that the president's friends advised him to abandon the design; but they determined to encounter the danger themselves. Proceeding up stairs, to an extensive room each having a candle in one hand, and a pistol in the other, they found it full of thick smoke, which increased more and more from some flames that were visible. Soon after, the ghost or spirit faintly appeared in the middle: he seemed quite black, and was amusing himself by cutting capers; but another eruption of flame and smoke hid him from their view. He had horns, and a long tail, and was, in truth, a dreadful object.

One of the gentlemen found his courage rather fail. "This is certainly supernatural," said he; "let us return." The other, endued with more boldness, asserted, that the smoke was that of gunpowder, which is no supernatural composition: "And if this same spirit," added he, "knew his own nature and trade, he should have extinguished our candles."

With these words he jumped amidst the smoke and flames, and pursued the spectre. He soon discharged his pistol at his back, and hit him exactly in the middle; but was himself seized with fear, when the spirit—far from falling, turned round, and rushed upon him. Soon recovering himself, he resolved to grasp the ghost, to discover whether it were, indeed mortal; and impulsive. Mr. Spectre, disordered by this new manoeuvre, rushed to a tower, and descended a small staircase.

The gentleman ran after, and never losing sight of him, passed several courts and gardens, till turning as the spirit wended, till at length he entered an open barn. Here the pursuer, certain, as he thought, of his prey, shut the door; but when he turned round, what was his astonishment to see the spectre totally disappear!

In great confusion, he called to his servants for more lights. On examining the spot of the spirit's disappearance, he found a trap-door, upon raising which, several mattresses appeared to break the fall of any headlong adventurer. Descending, he found the spirit—the farmer!

His dress, of a complete bull's hide, secured him from pistol shot; and the horns and tail were not diabolical, but merely natural appendages of the original. The rogue confessed all his trick; and was pardoned, on paying the arrears due for five years, at the old rent of the land.

## VANITY.

It was said of a certain president of a certain College, he laid it down to his pupils, as a maxim, that the more any one knew, the less opinion he would have of his own abilities; and that he must be a very wise man, who was sensible he knew nothing. After advancing his rules and descanting floridly upon them, he gravely concluded by observing that he, in his opinion, was not two removes from an idiot.

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## ANECDOTE.

At one of the mock Auctions, in the Strand, a shrewd Irishman looked in a day or two since, and witnessing for some time their manoeuvres, he called out to the man with the hammer, "Pray Sir, may I bid what I please?" "Yes, Sir," was the reply of the complaisant Auctioneer.—"Why, then, say I, 'I bid you a—good morning!'"

## THE GLOVE.—A TALE.

MARK how the young FABRICUS weeps,  
And beats his frantic head;  
How shrill the day that hateful peeps,  
Now fair DOCILLA's dead!

DOCILLA sweet as op'ning flow'r  
That blushes in the Spring;  
As blushing too,—at that dear hour  
He chose the wedding-ring;

For wedding-ring and garments fine  
And license all were bought;  
When cruel Death fell with design  
The tender maiden caught.

Mark—mark, I say—how quick at dawn  
FABRICUS hastes away;  
To you dear wood (that parts the lawn)  
Which scarce admits the day;

Where blushing'd alone, the widow'd dove  
Breathe forth her pensive lay,  
Till his loud griefs, his madlin'g love,  
Affright her from the spray.

How near a brook that murmurs slow,  
In milder grief he laid;  
And sighing sad, his tears do flow,  
The needless stream to aid.

Thus all the day in piteous plight  
He wears his hours away;  
And ne'er returns to human sight  
Until the ev'ning gray.

Then, then, it was, in pacing o'er  
The chamber of his Love,  
With downcast eye upon the floor  
He spy'd a woman's Glove.

To pick it up he eager bent,  
And brought it to the light;  
Then starting cry'd, "What here is seat  
"To me thy trembling sight!"

"The Glove!—the Glove!—DOCILLA wore,  
"A little ere she fell—  
"My thrilling frame at ev'ry pore  
"Confesses it too well;

"Each well-known finger, taper all,  
"Too exquisite appear,  
"As when her hand divinely small  
"With glowing warmth was here!

"A thousand kisses now proclaim,  
"Thou dear, thou once-worn glove,  
"A thousand sigh shall do the same,  
"How ardent was my love!"

"And at my heart, where grief now calls,  
"Be thou for ever near;  
"Catch each sad drop that sorrow falls—  
"Be wet with many a tear!"

"Just then the chamber-door flew ope,  
And in the house-maid popp'd;  
"Dear Sir," say she, "I pardon hope;  
"But sure my Glove I've dropp'd."

"No Glove is here, thou blushing' ring bear!  
(The mad FABRICUS)'  
"Save that which was the Mistress' dear,  
"And now beside me lies."

Good luck a day!—why that is it  
(Exclaim'd the ruddy maid);  
"The same that Tom last fair did fit—  
"Returning through the glade."

This honest truth too sure, alas!  
The yielding glove did show,  
Her large red arm with ease did pass—  
Her clumsy fingers too.

Take heed from this, ye stripling dear,  
Ye boys who fondly love,  
And ere ye shed the mournful tear—  
Be certain of your—Glove.

## FROM LATE LONDON PAPERS.

It is reported, that an affair has lately taken place in high life, of so singular a nature, that if ever it comes before the public, it will puzzle the sages of Westminster Hall, as much as the causus of Doctors' Commons to decide upon it. Some years ago, a person of high rank obtained a divorce of his wife, after having previously recovered damages against the adulterer who had seduced her. The seducer and the Lady were married immediately after, and lived together until very lately, when she saved herself to be again seduced! The new seducer is her former husband.

Mr. Oaks the banker of Bury, last week paid off £. 200 to a cook maid in the service of a gentleman in that town; her joy was so excessive as to embarrass her in her business; every thing went wrong; it was past dinner time; the meat was still raw; the pot would not boil; the fire would not burn; she pulled an old newspaper from her pocket and thrust it within the bars forgetting that she had wrapped her bank notes in it, and in an instant they were consumed. It is easier to conceive than to describe her feelings on discovering her loss; the banker however had the numbers, and on giving the necessary security to the bank, the property was recovered.

A few days ago, as the fashionable Mrs. C. was entering the drawing room, on a visit, she suddenly stopped at the door, and could proceed no further, when it was found that the train of her gown had been shot in the carriage door below.

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## FRAGMENTS.

To avoid certain ruin, a man must oft submit to some inconveniences, nor hesitate to subscribe to hard conditions, any more than he would, if falling from a precipice, scruple to lay hold on a bramble, and thus save his neck, though at the expence of his hand.

The man who is in too great haste to outrun his neighbours in the pursuit of fortune, is oft obliged to tread in dirty paths, as, in walking the streets, he who is not content to proceed in the same pace with those before him, is obliged to quit the clean foot-way, and dirty himself in the kennel.

To accomplish their purposes, the rulers of nations are sometimes obliged to make use of the vilest of men and measures; as, when a man wishes to knock down his adversary, he cannot stop to consider whether the stick, which first presents itself to his hand, be clean or dirty, provided that it will but strike a home blow.

He sneaks forward with his half compliment, as an introductory letter, in one hand, only to gain under the marks of friendship, an opportunity of striking a nearer and more deadly blow with the other.

An old priest granted to James the First, of his coming to England, the following blessing: "May Heaven bless you, and make a man of you, though it has but bad stuff to make it of."

## Selected for the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### PARODY.

Is this woe-woven world let me laugh while I may,  
Mount on Pleasure's soft wings, and chase Sorrow  
away;  
To the path of Despair may I never be betray'd,  
Nor live, like a cynical genius, in shade,  
With a soul sick and sad; so all changes to see;"  
For the world, the wide world, still have pleasure for me.

In cities, tho' wealth load the coffers of pride,  
And talents and sorrows be ever allied;  
In my thatch-cover'd cot still shall virtue be prized;  
And vice, though distinguished by title, despis'd,  
Its splendour unenvied, I pitying see,  
While my cot has a corner of comfort for me.

Ah! world, busy world, how I pleasure to trace  
Nature's blessings, which hourly augment for thy race!  
While Religion still points out the path that ensures,  
While Hope cheering assuages the soul of despair.  
While our Commerce doth flourish, and our Country  
is Free,

The world, the wide world, will have pleasure for me.

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### THE ROSE.

By Mr. Fox.

The Rose, the sweetly blooming Rose,  
Ere from the tree its torn:  
Is like the charms which beauty shews,  
Is like, exulting morn.

But ah! how soon its sweets are gone;  
How soon it withering lies!  
So when the eve of life comes on,  
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

Then science the fairest form that's made,  
Soon withering we shall find:  
Let each possess what n'er will fade,—  
The beauty of the mind.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 28, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 8 men 10 women 6 boys and 4 girls during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 7, convolution 4, childbed 1, cholera-morbus 1, cold 1, debility 1, decay 1, dropsy 4, dropsey in the head 1, dysentery 1, epilepsy 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, mortification 1, stillborn 1 and 1 of whooping cough. Five were of or under the age of one year. Between 1 and 2, 2 between 2 and 3, 3 between 5 and 10, 4 between 20 and 30, 5 between 30 and 40, 6 between 40 and 50, 1 between 50 and 60, and 1 between 60 and 70. Of those who died of consumption, 2 were men aged 36 and 46; 3 women aged 21, 30, and 48; and 2 children under seven years.

From the North Carolina Miner.

The venerable statesman and patriot George Wythe, Chancellor of Virginia, who died at Richmond on the 8th inst., is supposed to have been poisoned by a young man, his nephew, who resided with him.—The circumstances of this horrid transaction are thus related to us by a gentleman recently from Richmond: The young man had forged his uncle's name in drawing checks on the bank—to prevent detection, and at the same time to secure a considerable sum bequeathed to him in the judge's will, he administered the fatal dose by mixing it with the coffee prepared for breakfast; not only the judge, but several of his domestics drank of the coffee, and are dead or at the point of death.—Judge Wythe fortunately survived long enough to discover the fraud of his nephew, and disapponted him in his hopes of a legacy.

The Journal du Soir, a Paris paper of the 9th April, contains the following article in a letter from Rennes:—

"Admiral Villeneuve, who commanded the French fleet at the battle of Trafalgar, and who

had been lately debarred at Moriaix from on board an English flag of truce, killed himself in the night, about the 23d of April. We are entirely ignorant of this act of desperation. He was found in his chamber, pierced with five wounds made by a knife in his left side. It is supposed, from the position in which his body lay, that after having stabbed himself he threw himself on his bed, leaning upon the handle of the knife, that he might thrust it in deeper, and thereby accelerate his death."

A most daring burglary was committed in Randolph County, in the state of North-Carolina, on Sunday the 8th inst., whilst Mr. William Bell, of Deep river with his wife, was attending divine service at some distance from home, in the middle of the day, his house was robbed of cash to the amount of about 1500 dollars, 1200 of which was in silver and gold. The villain dislodged pieces the desk which contained the money with an axe. Some small negro children, and an old negro were the only persons about the plantation. Suspicion has fallen on a disorderly character of the county, and it is supposed at least a part of the money will be regained, and that the offender will be brought to justice.

The nursery-maid of Mr. Chapman, attorney, of Warwick court, Hobson, on Wednesday morning last, when dressing his infant child, of two months old, by the nursery fire, suddenly found herself in flames supposed to be occasioned by a candle flying out of the fire upon her. She flew to the stairs for relief, where her master alarmed by her cries, met her, and rolled the infant in a carpet, and also the servant, so as completely to extinguish the flames. Both were dangerously burnt; the maid-servant abounding little hopes of recovery, and in a state of insensibility, in which she continued till twelve o'clock that night, when she became somewhat sensible. A nurse and a young lady were appointed to set up by her during the night. About three in the morning the nurse went down stairs for something; soon after she left the room, the young lady, who was reading by a fire in the room, being struck by a light, looked towards the bed, and saw it in a blaze. She immediately gave every alarm, and endeavoured to drag the maid out of the bed, but was unable, and set her own cloaths on fire, though she was somewhat protected by a silk pelisse. She then flew to the stairs, where Mr. Chapman, alarmed by her cries, met her, and extinguished the fire: he then gave the alarm of fire, and made several vain attempts to approach the bed of the poor servant, who was burnt to a cinder, with every thing in the room. Happily, engines arrived, and the assistance given preserved the house. The young lady and infant both expected to do well.

Lond. Pap.

### SAUNDERS & LEONARD.

At their manufactory of Leghorn Hats and Bonnets,

No. 104 Maiden-lane,

Where they offer for Sale, on moderate terms:

24 boxes Leghorn Flats, just received via Boston

Willow and King Square, assorted

Leghorn Bonnets of all sizes and qualities

Ditto, Gipsy Hats, ditto.

Men's Leghorn Hats, green under

Straw Lace, Cords, and Tassels

American and English covered Wire,

With a general and elegant assortment of articles

in the MILLENARY LINE, by wholesale only.

May 16, 1806. D. 901-4f.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

A Geographical CHART of the U. STATES; or,  
a comprehensive view of the most interesting particu-

### COURT OF HYMEN.

How blest are those whom true affections bind,  
Where love with love, and mind unites with mind;  
There beings are by sympathy made one,  
And their pure joys impurst currents run.

### MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Wall, Mr. John Van Sicklin, to Miss Allaire, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Graham Seixas, Mr. Joseph S. Simpson Merchant, to Miss Frances Isaacs, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 18th inst. by the Rev. Graham Seixas, Mr. A. M. Isaacs, Merchant, to Miss Rebekah Simpson.

On the 19th inst. at Friends meeting, Mr. Christopher M. Slocum, Merchant, to Miss Eliza F. Marshall, daughter of Mr. Christopher Marshall, of Philadelphia.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Lyle, Mr. Andrew Riker, to Miss Susan Parker, both of this city.

On Friday 26th inst. at Kingston, Ulster, Dr. Peter Van Derby, of that town, to Miss Baumer, daughter of the late Col. Baumer, of New-York.

At Bloomington, Orange County, on Friday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Andrew Kavan, of the house of A. & W. Kavan, Merchants, of this city, to Miss Jean Dill, of that place.

### MORTALITY.

DEATH'S awful summons, each day appear :  
Each day their solemn warnings strike our ears :  
The new-born infant and the aged sire :  
The blest and the unblest, alike, expire.

### DIED.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Peter Low, of this city, aged 79 years.

At his plantation, in Wilkes' County, Georgia, on the 28th of May, Captain John Freeman, one of the first settlers in that country, an old and respectable revolutionary character.

In Frankfort, Pandus Levi Harvitz, principal Rabbi of the Synagogue. He was the most learned Jew of his time, two works he published, and a third anxiously looked for, constituted him the most learned interpreter of the Talmud.

In Thurlow, (Eng.) Mr. Crick, aged, one hundred and thirty-five: he had been 35 years a schoolmaster in that parish.

In Sunderland, Mary Farrier, aged, 112, though infirm and blind, she was greatly celebrated and restored to taking and copying drawings, &c. having the wonderful power of ascertaining colors, by feeling.

Solutions to the QUIRIES, and ENIGMAS, which appeared in the MUSEUM of last week.

### QUIRIES.

- 1 He, Her, Hero, Heroine.
- 2 She would be a He-lies
- 3 To-day
- 4 No Horse has five
- 5 A Mare's
- 6 The Whale that swallow'd Jonah
- 7 Knees, Beasts were created before men.
- 8 That the little Finger is not so long as the middle Finger

- 9 Life
- 10 Time
- 11 A Man and Woman on Horseback
- 12 A bad Clock

### ENIGMAS.

- 1 Teeth
- 2 A Blacksmith
- 3 Letter E
- 4 Time

### MILITIA LAW.

This Day is Published, and For Sale at this Office, and also at the Book-Store of John Tibout, No. 283, Water-Street, the Law to regulate the Militia of this State. It is highly necessary that every Private should be in possession of the above.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### From the National Ages.

Since "Humble Imaginations" have become so fashionable, permit me, Mr. Editor, to offer you the following in praise of

#### MY BONNET.

WHAT covers up an ugly face,  
And hides each want of female grace,  
When boarded with a veil of lace?

My Bonnet.

What gives me such a jaunty air,  
And makes me look so debonair,  
That all the wond'ring coxcomb stars?

My Bonnet.

The beauty every lass allows,  
And every swain obsequious bows,  
And pays to thee, not me, his vows,

My Bonnet.

Tis thou concealest with magic grace,  
Years six and thirty in my face  
Which else some envious beau might trace,

My Bonnet.

O goddess of the Protean shape,  
Fashion, sometimes 'clipp'd an ape,  
Nought can thy vigilance escape,

My Bonnet.

To thee I owe this brilliant thing,  
Waited from thee, on folly's wing,  
With the Arrivals of the Spring,

My Bonnet.

If some unfashionable fool,  
Shall dare thy form to ridicule,  
I'll say thou cam'st from Liverpool,

My Bonnet.

I'll deck thy crown with ribbands gay,  
Like streamers waving far away,  
And always wear thee night and day,

My Bonnet.

### FASHION.

In fair REBECCA's simpler times,  
That damsel veil'd her beauteous face—  
But damsels, now, to shun such crimes,  
Scarce half conceal their breasts with lace.

### ANECDOTE.

A country clergyman, while catechising his little flock, came upon a girl who had received the address of a neighbouring youth, who was just recovering from a fit of sickness, which she vainly supposed was occasioned by the ardency of his passion for her, addressed her thus: "Who made ye, lassie?" "God, Sir," replied the girl, making an awkward curtsey. "And wha d'ed for ye, lassie?" "Nobody, Sir, as I know on," confessing as before. "Do ye not ken that some o' d'ed for ye?" "No, Sir, Jonathan Dayton was bed rid three weeks for me, but fulee say he's got about again, sir."

### THE ENGLISH NUN.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

*A New and entertaining Novel,*

ENTITLED

*THE ENGLISH NUN;*

OR THE

*SORROWS OF EDWARD & LOUISE.*

## MORALIST.

### DEATH AND ETERNITY.

A constant fear of death, joined to a continual anxiety for the preservation of life, vitiates all the relish of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature, as it is morally impossible we should take any real delight in that which we every moment of our lives are in dread of losing.

By making the thoughts of death familiar to us, it greatly helps to take off that terrible appearance in which it is viewed by vulgar minds.

Death is feared and shunned by the wicked, as a rock which they are every moment of their lives in the utmost anxieties to avoid; but to the good man, it is viewed with a pleasing aspect, as the harbour of peace and eternal happiness, which he soon hopes to arrive at.

The gate which leads to eternal life is a straight gate; therefore we should fear; but blessed be God, it is an open gate, therefore we may hope.

Woe make the shortest time seem long, and joys make the longest time seem short. Oh, eternity, eternity is that which makes woes woes, and joys joys indeed! *Matt. xxv. 46.*

My life is full of misery, and I have but a few days to live: happy miseries that end in joy; happy joys that have no end; happy end that ends in eternity.

Prepare to part with life willingly; study more how to die than how to live. If you would live till you are old, live as if you were to the when you are young.

The horror with which some men entertain thoughts of death, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions, and consequently dispose it to groundless prodigies and predictions; for as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life, by reasoning of philosophy; so it is the employment of fools to multiply them, by sentiments of superstition.

## MR. TURNER.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the mess set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chemical kno-wedge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that delective accumulation of Tartar, together with decay, and tooth-ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Wain's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

July 13, 1803. 601 ff.

## MARTIN RABESON,

At his workshop UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufacture extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas, or to nett fringes.

June 14.

904-3m.

## A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE,

NO. 114, BROADWAY.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume. 4s & 5s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the dressing apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Rosses for sinning bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburn: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8s & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 5s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Peau Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s. 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Cleocissia or Antique Oil, for curling, glistening and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Parfums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the Lips, 2s. and 4s. per box.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

\* The best arranged Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, Suprime white Starch, Snuffing Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 5, 1806.

833 ly.

## RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a neat assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloths, second do. pattern and common Cambric. Patent Cords, Flannels, Drapery, Linens, Brown Hollands, New Nankin, Broadcloth Hairsuckles, Mantonnes, New Samson, Gourds, white and black thread Laces, Calicoes, checked Lenos, Leni Veils, white and coloured Cambric Muslins, India Malmul Muslins, Silk Shawls, and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on reasonable terms for Cash.

May 3,

833-4f.

## NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY MARY T. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.